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(To be Continued.) "Look here, my young spalpeen," said Connell gruffly, "Filipino or Span-

lies, do you hear?" aged with emaciation;

"You must not touch him! Don't you see that he is dying?" cried the boy piteously in broken English. "He cannot fight you; he's dying," and then in a perfect frenzy of rage to Bansemer, "Let me go-pig!"

Not until afterward did Bansemer recall that in the general excitement it was the boy who dragged him along er's side. to the spot. And in spite of the solemnity of the scene there was something in his manner of delivering the insult that amused rather than angered the

"Plucky little devil!" he said half

Again the sick man groaned, tried to rise from the blankets and speak, but is the unpleasant part of traveling. rise from the blankets and speak, but but think of the added annoyance if only to fall back moaning. Connell the grip be poor and unreliable. You cautioned him against exertion and can avaod any such trouble by com- promised that no harm should come to either of them. While he reported the discovery to Captain Groce, he had the We have an assortment of the strong man carried to another part of the church and there made comfortable. For the first time now Bansemer began to notice the pain in his arm. Somewhat angrily he turned to the boy:

"Come! Give an account of yourself! How came you here?"

"Prisoners," was the sullen answer. "Of the Filipinos?" Bansemer asked in surprise.

"Then why did you try to kill me?" have we not as much to fear from you?

"By the holy apostles! You're a gritty young 'un!" growled the returning sergeant. "Who's the other chap?" boy, his voice softening. "Holy Virgin, dead lamb's tail." save him! For weeks we've been in the hands of Aguinaldo's men. He's hand, sitting near one of the windows. been so ill all the time. Have you a suddenly felt some one tugging at his

"A surgeon will probably be with evasive reply.

nell. What he saw in the other's eyes | self." caused him a sharp pang of grief. Both men turned their faces away for a moment, and it was with a gulp that Connell continued:

"Your brother will have the best of care if we get out of this mess. You hide his suffering the pain in his arm, are both safe. We are not fighting the | which the removal of the man had in-Spaniards." And then pertinently, creased, was such for a moment that "So these were Aguinaldo's men?" "Yes. He was here directing the

fight," the boy answered. "Aguinaldo here!" This and other



burst in chorus from every throat. But

as suddenly they were followed by expressions of chagrin, for by contrasting the present situation with that which they had anticipated, this information had succeeded in intensifying their

But notwithstanding his share of the act through which at the very point of death his existence had been preserved, there was no evidence to refute the hypothesis that the shot which had killed his assallant in the plaza had been fired by one of the insurgents under cover.

"Great Scott!" was the exclamation to which he gave utterance. "Once more, I suppose, I owe my life to the blundering marksmanship of a Filipi-

This half hearted acknowledgment of his strange indebtedness educed from his companions no recognition other than a puzzled stare from the sergeant and an enigmatical smile on the face of the young Spaniard. Connell proceeded with his examination:

"Why did they leave you here?" "They had no time to take us with boy's answer. "Aguinaldo was on his is in hiding. The scouts told him of ten years we have lived in Manila." your presence. Then he determined not to wait for Pilar, but to surprise geant, will you?" The girl nodded a you. We never rested day or night, slightly bewildered assent as Graydon My poor brother-how he suffered!"

"Yes, yes, but why are they carrying you on a march like this?"

"My brother is the only man who iard, if you want to save your hide knows where the Spanish gold was you'd better answer questions-and no hidden when our war was ended-I mean the gold that came up with guns At this threat a deep groan was and ammunition. Aguinaldo is looking heard to come from somewhere back for the hiding place. My father, a in the recesses of the chancel. The high officer in the Spanish army, died men were startled. Involuntarily the of the fever last winter. We were boy cast a furtive glance in that direc- stolen from our house in Manila by tion. Connell noticed it and, leaving Aguinaldo's men and have been going the boy with Bansemer, hurried away from place to place ever since. We and soon was looking down into the have not told of the hiding place. face of a prostrate man, young, but The Americans do not need gold, no?" The boy laughed sarcastically.

"How many men has Aguinaldo?" "Three hundred or more. I would advise you to look out for Pilar. He,

too, may come at any moment." Scarcely had the words left his mouth when a storm of yells came from outside the convent, and immediately the boy rushed to his broth-

"Great Ceasar, there's a thousand of them!" cried Rogers.

Instantly every man made for the position assigned to him. The gun was in readiness. Outside the Mausers rattled, bullets coming from all quarters and thumping sharply against the opposite walls with a patter that warned the Americans against standing erect.

Occasionally a scout would peep from a window and take a shot into the darkness, but these ventures were few. All lights were extinguished. The men fired at the spots from which burst the flames of rifles, then dropped suddenly. After awhile the firing of the Filipinos dwindled into a shot now and

"Keep low! They don't dare risk a charge! Be ready to defend the door!" Captain Groce commanded.

The night wore on, and with the cessation of hostilities confidence increased. Re-enforcements were not far off, don dropped from his perch and ran and it did not seem possible that the ounds of battle could not be heard. The men, worn out by the exciting the banging of rifles close at hand deafened him. In an instant he saw What difference does color make in events of the day, were generally silent. Sergeant Connell, however, was an exception.

"Get us! Not a bit of it," he was saying, "the dirty little cowards! Major "My brother-he's dying," said the March will be here in the shake of a

An hour later Bansemer, his rifle in arm. Turning, he saw the Spanish boy.

"Won't you come and help me to us before long," was the sergeant's carry my brother behind the stone wall?" he was saying. "He is exposed Bansemer looked searchingly at Con- to the bullets and cannot move him-

"Willingly!" and Graydon followed his lead. As if he was a child, he picked up the gaunt Spaniard and carefully bore him to the place of shelter, but despite all that he could do to he felt faint and staggered. The boy was quick to notice it and quickly

"What is the matter? Wounded?" "It's nothing; merely a scratch." "Oh, I know. Why, it's your arm,

and I"- The boy's face crimsoned with shame and contrition. Through the semidarkness the blush escaped Graydon's notice, but not so the truly feminine little shrick of dismay as he touched and felt the wet sleeve. "It was I who did it! Oh, how can

you ever forgive me?" Graydon, dumfounded, stared in wonder.

"What?" he exclaimed; "you're a

"Yes, I'm his sister," pointing to the dying man; then, with some embarrassment: "These clothes? They are the only ones they would give me. You see, a girl would have been a burden; a boy none at all. Do you think that had I been a man you could so easily have overpowered me? No!" The slim, little figure drew itself up

straight and defiant before him. Despite the loose, ugly garments of the Filipinos, Graydon noticed for the first time that the figure was perfectly molded and high bred. She swept off the wide hat she wore, and the man saw a mass of dark hair done up tightly on her head. But even while he gazed her mood changed. She became subserviently anxious and begged him to let her attend to his arm. She pleaded so hard that, to please her, he yielded. Water was obtained from somewhere, the slight flesh wound washed and then, disappearing into the darkness, to his amazement she returned almost instantly with some

bandages and dressed his arm. While this surgical operation was universal disappointment, a hasty re- going on Graydon, for the life of him. flection of preceding events convinced could not resist the temptation to ask Graydon that personally he had little her again why she had tried to shoot ground for complaint against the late him. At first, so terribly in earnest did occupants of the convent, for uninten- | she take the question and beg for tional as undoubtedly had been the mercy, that he smiled at her, and then, seeing his amusement, she said coquettishly:

> "How could I possibly have known that you were so nice? Besides, I had always heard you Americans referred to as brutes."

Graydon laughed; then suddenly his face became very grave. The realization of her terrible situation had dawned upon him. A woman among a crowd of rough soldiers! Her brother and protector dying! And all surrounded by hordes of savage enemies who at any moment might kill them! The thought dismissed all pleasantry from his mind. Something must be done, and at once. Presently he asked: "What is your name?"

"My father was Colonel Ramos Jose Velasquez. That also is my brother's name, except that he is not an officer. them when you broke in." was the I am Teresa Fortune Velasquez. My mother was English, a sister of Sir way to some village where his family William Fortune. She is dead. For

"You won't mind if I call the ser-

moved rapidly toward the others. Shortly he returned with the gallant Irishman.

"Senorita," began Connell, mopping his forehead and assuming his most

polite manner, "you are perfectly safe with us, and as quickly as possible your brother and yourself shall be sent back to Manila. You are a brave slip

of a girl, and we boys respect bravery

She looked at him in grateful sur-

"Possibly, senorita." He bowed low,

with almost Chesterfieldian grace.

Outside once more the Mausers were

rattling, and Connell, with a word of

parting, hastily took his leave. Gray-

don, on the point of returning to his

'You were gentle with me even

when I tried to- Don't risk your life

there. Shoot from that narrow gate,"

Bansemer dragged an altar chair up

to the grated window and perched

Bansemer stood squarely in front of the

altar and blazed away.

himself upon it. The girl sat below

him, bolding her brother's head in her

lap. He was groaning and crying out

permit him to fall into the hands of the

natives again.

to the soldiers to kill him rather than

Suddenly there was a great commo-

tion and crashing of timbers in the

front part of the church, followed by

shouts and the rushing of feet. Gray-

what had happened. The Filipinos

had charged the door and had forced

it. They were crowding their way

into the church in the face of the

deadly Krag-Jorgensens. The chapel

was lighted, but not from the inside.

Cunning insurgents in the shelter of

the walls were holding great torches

just outside of the windows. Graydon

could see his comrades firing at the

door from behind every conceivable

barrier. Without hesitation he dashed

down the aisle and into the thick of

The struggle was brief but fierce.

The merciless fire of many Mausers on

the outside opened a way through the

small band of defenders, and the rush

Through the door and windows they

came, swarming like bees. Many of

them fell to rise no more, but their

comrades took an eye for an eye.

Once confident soldiers toppled over

dead until but few were left. Banse-

mer led them in a quick dash for the

chancel, hoping that the enemy would

Captain Groce and other officers had

fallen. Connell became the leader of

the remnant. Bansemer stood squarely

in front of the altar and blazed away

at the horde of Filipinos as they ad-

vanced. They shot at him wildly and

without effect. Bullets crashed into

the altar decorations behind him. He

stood there as one protected by God,

and cursed in their dread of certain

death. He heard the shrill cries of the girl urging him to protect her brother.

She was calling upon God and the

Holy Virgin to aid and shield him.

And he steed there with a crazy joy

in his heart, savagely pulling the trig-

ger of the Krag-Jorgensen. Finally

the hammer snapped with no report.

As he turned back in consternation a

small figure leaped to his side with

He shouted a word of warning to

her and wheeled again to confront the

foe. Even as he raised the gun a great

shout arose above the noise of con-

flict. There was a mighty rush, a new

banging of guns, a sudden stampede,

and—the chapel was filled with men in

CHAPTER XXIII.

their hands. Although they had come

just in time to prevent the complete

annihilation of the little company, the

leaders had escaped with the remnant

of their surprised forces. Scores of

Filipinos were captured, dozens were

killed and wounded. Eight of the dash-

ing scouts who went out with Jerry

Connell gave up their lives in exchange

A small guard was left at the con-

vent to care for the wounded, the bulk

of the command hurrying off at dawn

to search for the routed Filipinos.

Graydon Bansemer was put in charge

(Continued on Page 9.)

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ment of Major March and

his men when they found

that neither Aguinaldo

nor Pilar had fallen into

fresh weapon.

unharmed in the shelter of the cross.

not dare attack a place so sacred.

of the besiegers was successful.

the fray near the door.

pointing aloft. "It's not so exposed."

post, was prevented by the girl.

in whatever dress-boy or girl."

prise, and her lips trembled. "But I am not your friend?"

"But we are your friends."

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